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**Biography.**

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SIR WILLIAM JONES.

The life of Sir William Jones has been written by his friend Lord Teignmouth with that minuteness which the character of so illustrious and extraordinary a man deserved. He was born in London on the twenty-eighth of September, 1746. His father, whose Christian name he bore, although sprung immediately from a race of yeomen in Anglesea, could yet, like many a Cambro-Briton beside, have traced his descent, at least in a maternal line, from the ancient princes of Wales. But what distinguished him much more was, that he had attained so great a proficiency in the study of mathematics as to become a teacher of that branch of science in the English metropolis, under the patronage of Sir Isaac Newton, and rose to such reputation by his writings, that he attracted the notice and esteem of the powerful and the learned, and was admitted to the intimacy of the Earls of Hardwicke and Macclesfield; Lord Parker, President of the Royal Society; Halley; Mead; and Samuel Johnson. By his wife, Mary, the daughter of a cabinet-maker in London, he had two sons, one of whom died an infant, and a daughter. In three years after the birth of the remaining son, the father himself died, and left the two children to the protection of their mother. An extraordinary mark of her presence of mind sufficiently indicated how capable this mother was of executing the difficult duty imposed on her by his decease. Doctor Mead had pronounced his case, which was a polypus on the heart, to be a hopeless one; and her anxious precautions to hinder the fatal intelligence from reaching him were on the point of being defeated by the arrival of a letter of condolence and consolation from an injudicious but well-meaning friend, when, on discovering its purport, she had sufficient address to substitute the lively dictates of her own invention for the real contents of the epistle,

and by this affectionate delusion not merely to satisfy the curiosity but to cheer the spirits of her dying husband.

So great was her solicitude for the improvement of her son, that she declined the pressing instances of the Countess of Macclesfield to reside under her roof, lest she should be hindered from attending exclusively to that which was now become her main concern. To the many inquiries which the early vivacity of the boy prompted him to put to her, the invariable answer she returned was *read, and you will know*. This assurance, added to the other means of instruction, from which her fondness, or more probably her discernment, induced her to exclude every species of severity, were so efficacious that in his fourth year he was able to read at sight any book in his own language. Two accidents occurred to hinder this rapid advancement from proceeding. Once he narrowly escaped being consumed by flames from having fallen into the fire, while endeavouring to scrape down some soot from the chimney of a room in which he had been left alone; and was rescued only in consequence of the alarm given to the servants by his shrieks. At another time, his eye was nearly put out by one of the hooks of his dress, as he was struggling under the hands of the domestic who was putting on his clothes. From the effects of this injury his sight never completely recovered.

In his fifth year he received a strong impression from reading the twentieth chapter of the Apocalypse. The man must have a cold imagination who would deny that this casual influence might have first disclosed, not only the lofty and ardent spirit, but even that insatiable love of learning, by which he was afterwards distinguished above all his contemporaries. Amidst the general proscription of reading adapted to excite wonder, that germ of knowledge, in the minds of our children, it is lucky that the Bible is still left them.

At the end of his seventh year he was placed under the tuition of Dr. Thackeray, the master of Harrow school; but had not been there two years before a fracture of his thigh-bone, that happened in a scramble among his playfellows, occasioned another suspension of his studies. During the twelvemonth which he now passed at home with his mother, he became so conversant with several writers in his own language, especially Dryden and Pope, that he set himself about making imitations of them.

On his return to Harrow, no allowance was made for the inevitable consequences of this interruption: he was replaced in the class with those boys whose classical learning had been progressive while his was stationary, or rather retrograde, and unmerited chastisement was inflicted on him for his inferiority to those with whom he had wanted the means of maintaining



an equality. Impelled either by fear, by shame, or by emulation, he laboured hard in private to repair his losses; of his own accord recurred to the rudiments of the grammar; and was so diligent that he speedily outstripped all his juvenile competitors.

In his twelfth year he entered into a scheme for representing a play in conjunction with his schoolfellows; but instead of seeking his *Dramatis Personæ* among the heroes of Homer, as Pope had done in his boyhood, Jones, by a remarkable effort of memory, committed to paper what he retained of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, which he had read at his mother's; and himself sustained the part of Prospero in that Comedy. Meanwhile his poetical faculty did not lie dormant. He turned into English verse all Virgil's *Eclogues* and several of Ovid's *Epistles*; and wrote a Tragedy on the fable of Meleager, which was acted during the holidays by himself and his comrades, and in which he sustained the character of the hero. A short specimen of the drama is preserved. The language brings to our recollection that of the *Mock Tragedy* in *Hamlet*.

When the other boys were at their sports, Jones continued to linger over his book, or, if he mingled in their diversions, his favourite objects were still uppermost in his thoughts; he directed his playmates to divide the fields into compartments to which he gave the names of the several Grecian republics; allotted to each their political station; and "wielding at will the fierce democracies," arranged the complicated concerns of peace and war, attack and defence, councils, harangues, and negotiations. Dr. Thackeray was compelled to own that "if his pupil were left naked and friendless on Salisbury plain, he would yet find his way to fame and riches."

On the resignation of that master, the management of the school devolved on Dr. Sumner, by whom Jones, then in his fifteenth year, was particularly distinguished. Such was his zeal, that he devoted whole nights to study; and, not contented with applying himself at school to the classical languages, and during the vacations to the Italian and French, he attained Hebrew enough to enable him to read the psalms in the original, and made himself acquainted with the Arabic character. Strangers, who visited Harrow, frequently inquired for him by the appellation of the great scholar.

Some of his compositions from this time to his twentieth year, which he collected and intitled *Limon*,\* in imitation of the ancients, are printed among his works. A young scholar who should now glance his eye over the first chapter, containing speeches from Shakspeare and Addison's *Cato* translated into Greek iambics on the model of the Three Tragedians, would

\* *Λειμῶν*, a meadow.

put aside the remainder with a smile of complacency at the improvement which has since been made in this species of task under the auspices of Porson.

His mother was urged by several of the legal profession, who interested themselves in his welfare, to place him in the office of a special pleader; but considerations of prudence, which represented to her that the course of education necessary to qualify him for the practice of the law was exceedingly expensive and the advantages remote, hindered her from acquiescing in their recommendation; at the same time that his own inclination and the earnest wishes of his master concurred in favour of prosecuting his studies at college. Which of the two universities should have the credit of perfecting instruction thus auspiciously commenced was the next subject of debate. But the advice of Dr. Glasse, then a private tutor at Harrow, prevailing over that of the head master, who, by a natural partiality for the place of his own education would have given the preference to Cambridge, he was in 1764 admitted of University College in Oxford, whither his mother determined to remove her residence, either for the purpose of superintending his health and morals, or of enjoying the society of so excellent a son.

Before quitting school he presented to his friend Parnell, nephew of the poet, and afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, a manuscript volume of English verses, consisting, among other pieces, of that essay which some years after he moulded into his *Arcadia*; and of translations from Sophocles, Theocritus, and Horace. If the encouragement of Dr. Sumner had not been overruled by the dissuasion of his more cautious friends, he would have committed to the press his Greek and Latin compositions, among which was a Comedy in imitation of the style of Aristophanes, intitled *Mormo*.

Like many other lads, whose talents have unfolded in all their luxuriance under the kindness of an indulgent master, he experienced a sudden chill at his first transplantation into academic soil. His reason was perplexed amid the intricacies of the school logic, and his taste revolted by the barbarous language that enveloped it.

On the 31st of October he was unanimously elected to one of the four scholarships founded by Sir Simon Bennet. But as he had three seniors, his prospect of a fellowship was distant; and he was anxious to free his mother from the inconvenience of contributing to his support. His disgust for the University, however, was fortunately not of long continuance. The college tutors relieved him from an useless and irksome attendance on their lectures, and judiciously left the employment of his time at his own disposal. He turned it to a good account in perusing the principal Greek historians and poets, together with the whole



of Lucian and of Plato: writing notes, and exercising himself in imitations of his favourite authors as he went on. In order to facilitate his acquisition of the Arabic tongue, more particularly with regard to its pronunciation, he engaged a native of Aleppo, named Mirza, whom he met with in London, to accompany him to Oxford, and employed him in retranslating the Arabian Nights' Entertainments into their original language, whilst he wrote out the version himself as the other dictated, and corrected the inaccuracies by the help of a grammar and lexicon. The affinity which he discovered between this language and the modern Persian, induced him to extend his researches to the latter dialect; and he thus laid the foundation of his extraordinary knowledge in oriental literature.

(To be continued.)

#### DR FRANKLIN ON SELF-PRAISE.

*Extract of a Letter to the Rev. Jared Eliot, of Killingworth, Connecticut.*

(Copied from Silliman's Journal of Science.)

"What you mention concerning the love of praise is indeed very true; a love of praise, although corrected by art *reigns more or less in every heart*; though we are generally hypocrites, in that respect, and pretend to disregard praise; and that our nice modest ears are offended, forsooth, with what one of the ancients calls the *sweetest kind of music*. This hypocrisy, is only a sacrifice to the pride of others, or to their envy; both which I think, ought rather to be mortified. The same sacrifice we make, when we forbear to *praise ourselves*, which naturally we are all inclined to; and I suppose it was formerly the fashion, or Virgil, that courtly writer, would not have put a speech into the mouth of his hero, which now-a-days we should esteem so great an indecency, *Sum pius Æneas,—fama super æthera notus*. One of the Romans, I forget who, justified speaking in his own praise, by saying, every freeman had a right to *speaking* what he *thought* of himself as well as of others. That this is a natural inclination, appears, in that all children show it, and say freely, *I am a good boy; am I not a good girl?* and the like; till they have been frequently chid, and told their trumpeter is dead; and that it is unbecoming to sound their own praise, &c. But *naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret*; being forbid to praise themselves, they learn instead of it to censure others; which is only a roundabout way of praising themselves; for, condemning the conduct of another in any particular, amounts to as much as saying, *I am so honest or wise, or good or prudent, that I could not do or approve of such an action*. This fondness for ourselves,

rather than malevolence to others, I take to be the general source of censure and backbiting; and I wish men had not been taught to dam up natural currents, to the overflowing and damage of their neighbour's grounds. Another advantage, methinks, would arise from freely speaking our good thoughts of ourselves, viz. if we were wrong in them, somebody or other would readily set us right; but now, while we conceal so carefully our vain erroneous self-opinions, we may carry them to our graves, for who would offer physic to a man that seems to be in health? And the privilege of recounting freely our own good actions, might be an inducement to the doing of them, that we might be enabled to speak of them without being subject to be justly contradicted or charged with falsehood: whereas now, as we are not allowed to mention them, and it is an uncertainty whether others will take due notice of them or not, we are perhaps the more indifferent about them; so that upon the whole I wish the out-of-fashion practice of praising ourselves, would, like other old fashions, come round in fashion again. But this I fear will not be in our time, so we must e'en be contented with what little praise we can get from one another. And I will endeavour to make you some amends for the trouble of reading this long scrawl, by telling you, that I have the sincerest esteem for you, as an ingenious man, and a good one, which together make the valuable member of society; as such, I am with great respect and affection, Dr. sir,

"Your obliged humble serv't.

"B. FRANKLIN."

#### CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

*Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.*

(Continued from p. 261.)

And, first, one word with respect to its bodily effects: for upon all that has been hitherto written on the subject of opium, whether by travellers in Turkey (who may plead their privilege of lying as an old immemorial right), or by professors of medicine, writing *ex cathedra*,—I have but one emphatic criticism to pronounce—Lies! lies! lies! I remember once, in passing a book-stall, to have caught these words from a page of some satiric author:—"By this time I became convinced that the London newspapers spoke truth at least twice a week, viz. on Tuesday and Saturday, and might safely be depended upon for—the list of bankrupts." In like manner, I do by no means deny that some truths have been delivered to the world in regard to opium: thus it has been repeatedly affirmed by the learned, that opium is a dusky brown in colour; and this, take notice, I grant: secondly, that it is rather dear; which also I grant: for in my time, East India opium has been three gui-



ne as a pound, and Turkey eight: and, thirdly, that if you eat a good deal of it, most probably you must——do what is particularly disagreeable to any man of regular habits, viz. die.\* These weighty propositions are, all and singular, true: I cannot gainsay them: and truth ever was, and will be, commendable. But in these three theorems, I believe we have exhausted the stock of knowledge as yet accumulated by man on the subject of opium. And therefore, worthy doctors, as there seems to be room for further discoveries, stand aside, and allow me to come forward and lecture on this matter.

First, then, it is not so much affirmed as taken for granted, by all who ever mention opium, formally or incidentally, that it does, or can, produce intoxication. Now, reader, assure yourself, *meo periculo*, that no quantity of opium ever did, or could intoxicate. As to the tincture of opium (commonly called laudanum) that might certainly intoxicate if a man could bear to take enough of it; but why? because it contains so much proof spirit, and not because it contains so much opium. But crude opium, I affirm peremptorily, is incapable of producing any state of body at all resembling that which is produced by alcohol; and not in *degree* only incapable, but even in *kind*: it is not in the quantity of its effects merely, but in the quality, that it differs altogether. The pleasure given by wine is always mounting, and tending to a crisis, after which it declines: that from opium, when once generated, is stationary for eight or ten hours; the first, to borrow a technical distinction from medicine, is a case of acute—the second, of chronic pleasure: the one is a flame, the other a steady and equable glow. But the main distinction lies in this, that whereas wine disorders the mental faculties, opium, on the contrary (if taken in a proper manner), introduces amongst them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine robs a man of his self-possession: opium greatly invigorates it. Wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness, and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker: opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive: and with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health. Thus, for in-

\* Of this, however, the learned appear latterly to have doubted: for in a pirated edition of Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, which I once saw in the hands of a farmer's wife who was studying it for the benefit of her health, the Doctor was made to say—"Be particularly careful never to take above five-and-twenty ounces of laudanum at once;" the true reading being probably five-and-twenty drops, which are held equal to about one grain of crude opium.

stance, opium, like wine, gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections: but then, with this remarkable difference, that in the sudden development of kind-heartedness which accompanies inebriation, there is always more or less of a maudlin character, which exposes it to the contempt of the bystander. Men shake hands, swear eternal friendship, and shed tears—no mortal knows why: and the sensual creature is clearly uppermost. But the expansion of the benigner feelings, incident to opium, is no febrile access, but a healthy restoration to that state which the mind would naturally recover upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation of pain that had disturbed and quarrelled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good. True it is, that even wine, up to a certain point, and with certain men, rather tends to exalt and to steady the intellect: I myself, who have never been a great wine-drinker, used to find that half a dozen glasses of wine advantageously affected the faculties—brightened and intensified the consciousness—and gave to the mind a feeling of being “*ponderibus librata suis*,” and certainly it is most absurdly said, in popular language, of any man, that he is *disguised* in liquor: for, on the contrary, most men are disguised by sobriety; and it is when they are drinking (as some old gentleman says in *Athenæus*), that men *εαυτοὺς ἐμφανίζουσιν οἷτινες εἰσίν*—display themselves in their true complexion of character; which surely is not disguising themselves. But still, wine constantly leads a man to the brink of absurdity and extravagance; and, beyond a certain point, it is sure to volatilize and to disperse the intellectual energies: whereas opium always seems to compose what had been agitated, and to concentrate what had been distracted. In short, to sum up all in one word, a man who is inebriated, or tending to inebriation, is, and feels that he is, in a condition which calls up into supremacy the merely human, too often the brutal, part of his nature: but the opium-eater (I speak of him who is not suffering from any disease, or other remote effects of opium) feels that the diviner part of his nature is paramount; that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity; and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect.

This is the doctrine of the true church on the subject of opium: of which church I acknowledge myself to be the only member—the alpha and the omega: but then it is to be recollected, that I speak from the ground of a large and profound personal experience: whereas most of the unscientific\* authors

\* Amongst the great herd of travellers, &c. who show sufficiently by their stupidity that they never held any intercourse with opium, I must caution my reader specially against the brilliant author of “*Anastasius*.” This gentleman, whose wit would lead one to presume him an opium-eater, has made it impossible to consider him in that character from the grievous misrepresentation



who have at all treated of opium, and even of those who have written expressly on the *materia medica*, make it evident, from the horror they express of it, that their experimental knowledge of its action is none at all. I will, however, candidly acknowledge that I have met with one person who bore evidence to its intoxicating power, such as staggered my own incredulity: for he was a surgeon, and had himself taken opium largely. I happened to say to him, that his enemies (as I had heard) charged him with talking nonsense on politics, and that his friends apologized for him, by suggesting that he was constantly in a state of intoxication from opium. Now the accusation, said I, is not *primâ facie*, and of necessity, an absurd one: but the defence *is*. To my surprise, however, he insisted that both his enemies and his friends were in the right: "I will maintain," said he, "that I *do* talk nonsense; and secondly, I will maintain that I do not talk nonsense upon principle, or with any view to profit, but solely and simply, said he, solely and simply,—solely and simply (repeating it three times over), because I am drunk with opium; and *that* daily." I replied that, as to the allegation of his enemies, as it seemed to be established upon such respectable testimony, seeing that the three parties concerned all agreed in it, it did not become me to question it; but the defence set up I must demur to. He proceeded to discuss the matter, and to lay down his reasons: but it seemed to me so impolite to pursue an argument which must have presumed a man mistaken in a point belonging to his own profession, that I did not press him even when his course of argument seemed open to objection: not to mention that a man who talks nonsense, even though "with no view to profit," is not altogether the most agreeable partner in a dispute, whether as opponent or respondent. I confess, however, that the authority of a surgeon, and one who was reputed a good one, may seem a weighty one to my prejudice: but still I must plead my experience, which was greater than his greatest by 7000 drops a day; and, though it was not possible to suppose

which he gives of its effects, at p. 215—17, of vol. 1.—Upon consideration, it must appear such to the author himself: for, waiving the errors I have insisted on in the text, which (and others) are adopted in the fullest manner, he will himself admit, that an old gentleman "with a snow-white beard," who eats "ample doses of opium," and is yet able to deliver what is meant and received as very weighty counsel on the bad effects of that practice, is but an indifferent evidence that opium either kills people prematurely, or sends them into a mad-house. But, for my part, I see into this old gentleman and his motives: the fact is, he was enamoured of "the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug" which Anastasius carried about him; and no way of obtaining it so safe and so feasible occurred, as that of frightening its owner out of his wits (which, by the bye, are none of the strongest). This commentary throws a new light upon the case, and greatly improves it as a story: for the old gentleman's speech, considered as a lecture on pharmacy, is highly absurd: but, considered as a hoax on Anastasius, it reads excellently.

a medical man unacquainted with the characteristic symptoms of vinous intoxication, it yet struck me that he might proceed on a logical error of using the word intoxication with too great latitude, and extending it generically to all modes of nervous excitement, instead of restricting it as the expression for a specific sort of excitement, connected with certain diagnostics. Some people have maintained, in my hearing, that they had been drunk upon green tea: and a medical student in London, for whose knowledge in his profession I have reason to feel great respect, assured me, the other day, that a patient, in recovering from an illness, had got drunk on a beef-steak.

Having dwelt so much on this first and leading error, in respect to opium, I shall notice very briefly a second and a third; which are, that the elevation of spirits produced by opium is necessarily followed by a proportionate depression, and that the natural and even immediate consequence of opium is torpor and stagnation, animal and mental. The first of these errors I shall content myself with simply denying; assuring my reader, that for ten years, during which I took opium at intervals, the day succeeding to that on which I allowed myself this luxury was always a day of unusually good spirits.

(*To be continued.*)

#### BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

##### *Sixth Century.*

(Continued from page 245.)

This century opened with the singular spectacle of an illiterate *Goth* promoting the interests of literature: which was done by the conqueror of Italy, Theodoric the Ostrogoth, who tolerated all religions, and observed in almost all his acts, a liberal policy, though he was so utterly uneducated as to be unable to sign his own name, and had the Greek letters *Theod* (contracted for it) cut in a plate of gold, and laid on the paper to be traced for his signature. His chief adviser was the learned Cassiodorus; who, when he retired from public life, founded a convent, and formed, by transcriptions, as well as collected, a choice and valuable library. At this period also flourished Alcimus Ecdicius Avitus, a nobleman of Gaul, Archbishop of Vienna, and author of several sacred poems; and Philoxenus, bishop of Hierapolis, now Pambouk, in Syria, to whom we owe Polycarp's Syriac version of the New Testament, called from him, the *Philoxenian*. This version has been frequently revised and republished. The Old Testament was translated from the Greek into Syriac about the same time by Mar Abba, primate of the East, but originally a Persian worshipper of Zoroaster. At the end of this century the Scriptures were also translated into the *Georgian* language,



which version was still in use two hundred years ago, though the language had become nearly obsolete to the people of Mingrelia. This defect has since been remedied by new translations.

The councils of Agde and Vaison in France, and of Toledo in Spain, were held during this age; and promulgated some canons, but of no paramount importance.

Of the schools or seminaries, no one existed more famous for the study of the holy Scriptures than Iona or Icolmkill in the Hebrides, founded by Columba, who was born at Gartan in Tyrconnel, Ireland, A. D. 521. About the year 550, he founded the great monastery of Dair-Magh, now Durrogh, in King's County; and afterwards went as a missionary to the Highlands, landed from his hide and wicker boat at Iona, and most successfully propagated the Gospel among the Picts and Scots. His followers were called *Culdees* or *Keldees*, the etymology of which is very doubtful, but which is supposed to imply servants or worshippers of God. Columba himself was not only eminent as a religious man, but distinguished for his knowledge of physic, and general science and literature. He died at the foot of the altar, anno 597, in the 77th year of his age, and was unquestionably one of the greatest and best men of his era. Baithen, his cousin and successor as Abbot of Iona, was also celebrated for his learning; and his monastery continued to be famous as a seat of instruction till the ninth century, when the Danes dislodged the monks. It is lamentable to think that most of the inestimable MSS. preserved there, were probably destroyed at the Reformation; though others are supposed to have been carried to the Scotch College, at Douay. The ruins are still very fine, and many a Scottish monarch sleeps below.

Arator, the Latin poet, flourished in the sixth century, and about 540 wrote a metrical version of the Acts of the Apostles, which has been often printed. Pope Gregory the Great furnished a rare instance of a pontiff encouraging an acquaintance with the Scriptures; he was the first who designated himself "*Servant of the servants of Jesus Christ*;" and sent Augustin to our island to convert the Anglo-Saxons, of whose proceedings an account was rendered in one of our recent Numbers, when describing the monuments in Westminster Abbey.

Nothing further occurs to state respecting this century, except to notice the excessive dearness of parchment or other material for writing upon. This led to the use of preceding MSS. and the erasure of their contents, so fatal to ancient literature; and to the custom of abbreviations, which often render the sense inexplicable. The following is a curious specimen. *Sic hic e fal sm qd ad simplr a e pducibile a Deo g a e. et silr hic a n e g a n e pducibile a Do*—intended to stand for, *Sicut hic est fallacia*

a medical man unacquainted with the characteristic symptoms of vinous intoxication, it yet struck me that he might proceed on a logical error of using the word intoxication with too great latitude, and extending it generically to all modes of nervous excitement, instead of restricting it as the expression for a specific sort of excitement, connected with certain diagnostics. Some people have maintained, in my hearing, that they had been drunk upon green tea: and a medical student in London, for whose knowledge in his profession I have reason to feel great respect, assured me, the other day, that a patient, in recovering from an illness, had got drunk on a beef-steak.

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Of the schools or seminaries, no one existed more famous for the study of the holy Scriptures than Iona or Icolmkill in the Hebrides, founded by Columba, who was born at Gartan in Tyrconnel, Ireland, A. D. 521. About the year 550, he founded the great monastery of Dair-Magh, now Durrogh, in King's County; and afterwards went as a missionary to the Highlands, landed from his hide and wicker boat at Iona, and most successfully propagated the Gospel among the Picts and Scots. His followers were called *Culdees* or *Keldees*, the etymology of which is very doubtful, but which is supposed to imply servants or worshippers of God. Columba himself was not only eminent as a religious man, but distinguished for his knowledge of physic, and general science and literature. He died at the foot of the altar, anno 597, in the 77th year of his age, and was unquestionably one of the greatest and best men of his era. Baithen, his cousin and successor as Abbot of Iona, was also celebrated for his learning; and his monastery continued to be famous as a seat of instruction till the ninth century, when the Danes dislodged the monks. It is lamentable to think that most of the inestimable MSS. preserved there, were probably destroyed at the Reformation; though others are supposed to have been carried to the Scotch College, at Douay. The ruins are still very fine, and many a Scottish monarch sleeps below.

Arator, the Latin poet, flourished in the sixth century, and about 540 wrote a metrical version of the Acts of the Apostles, which has been often printed. Pope Gregory the Great furnished a rare instance of a pontiff encouraging an acquaintance with the Scriptures; he was the first who designated himself "*Servant of the servants of Jesus Christ*;" and sent Augustin to our island to convert the Anglo-Saxons, of whose proceedings an account was rendered in one of our recent Numbers, when describing the monuments in Westminster Abbey.

Nothing further occurs to state respecting this century, except to notice the excessive dearness of parchment or other material for writing upon. This led to the use of preceding MSS. and the erasure of their contents, so fatal to ancient literature; and to the custom of abbreviations, which often render the sense inexplicable. The following is a curious specimen. *Sic hic e fal sm qd ad simplr a e pducibile a Deo g a e. et silr hic a n e g a n e pducibile a Do*—intended to stand for, *Sicut hic est fallacia*

*secundum quid ad simpliciter. A est producibile à Deo, ergo A est, et similiter hic: A non est, ergo A non est producibile à Deo.*  
(To be continued.)

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ANGELICA CATALANI.

Angelica Catalani was born in the Papal dominions in or about the year 1782. Respectably, if not nobly, descended, she was placed in that genteel class of society which seemed at first to forbid her resorting to a professional life to ameliorate her fortune, which being but very small, like many other ladies thus situated, she was destined to take the veil.

The chaunting of the divine music in the Church of Rome, is, perhaps, one of the finest criterions whereby to judge of the excellence of vocal powers. The voice of the youthful Catalani was easily distinguished and admired as it ascended in delightful melody to the praises of the immaculate mother of our Redeemer. Friends and kindred united their persuasions that such intrinsic and wonderful harmony should not be buried in a cloister; and she soon, even in her native land, carried off the palm of singing at the opera against veteran female performers. Her expressive and beautiful countenance, her youth, her excellent and graceful acting, all pleaded in her favour, and she was at that early period nearly established in fame, with scarce one rival competitor.

She visited the kingdom of Portugal; and the then Prince of Brazil, now King of Portugal, with his royal Consort, particularly patronized her. She was engaged at the Opera-house at Lisbon for five years, and during her residence there, she improved herself by devoting all her leisure hours to the study of music, and her singing became as scientific as it was melodious. Her allowance at the Opera-house at Lisbon was three thousand moidores per annum, besides a clear benefit. On her departure for Madrid, she was universally regretted; and having enjoyed not only the patronage, but the esteem and confidence, of the Princess of Brazil, she was furnished by that illustrious lady with letters of recommendation to the Royal Family of Spain, whose favour she experienced in the most ample degree, as well as that of all classes of people.

From Spain she went to Paris, where she married Monsieur Vallebraque; she still, however, retained the name on which her celebrity had been founded, and by which her merits were known; but she took the title of Madame, and dropt that of Signora.

The proprietors and managers of the Opera-house in the Haymarket, were eager to engage Madame Catalani; and in the year 1806, she consented to the offers they made her of allowing



her two thousand pounds annually ; and she appeared for the first time at the above theatre, in December, 1806, in the part of *Semiramide*, where, to a crowded, most respectable, and scientific audience, she received those unanimous and reiterated applauses, which merit the most rare can alone excite, and which imparted the most gratifying sensations to her own bosom.

Highly sensible of her very superior endowments, her emoluments were soon raised. In the year 1808, she was engaged to perform in serious Operas, while Madame Dussek was to take the chief characters in those that were comic, if Madame Catalani were indisposed. In 1809, Mr. Taylor, the manager of the King's Theatre at that time, offered her six thousand pounds, with three benefits, payable in two equal payments, in 1810 and 1811, and this munificent proposal was for her performance for eighty nights, in serious opera. This offer, which, if made to any other than a Catalani, we should call exorbitant, she thought proper to refuse. This conduct, which arose from her brother not being engaged as first violin, together with the insolence and arrogance of her husband, M. Vallebraque, gave the public a kind of disgust, which though they yet highly estimated the harmonious talents of the lady, caused them to feel less of that warmth of friendship than they did at first, towards one they had so highly patronized. Her refusal of singing for a charitable institution was another cause of her loss of public favour ; but let no one judge harshly of Madame Catalani on that account, since it is a certain fact, that she sent privately, as a donation to that very charity, the sum of twenty guineas.

In excuse for that omission, it is stated that she had been attacked with one of those indispositions which the uncertainty of our atmosphere was continually bringing on her ; and who, especially a native accustomed to the pure and genial air of Italy, can encounter the fogs and frequent vicissitudes of the climate of Great Britain ?

When the late Mr. Harris opened his new theatre in Covent Garden, he engaged Catalani to perform there occasionally. This engagement was, however, totally done away by the O. P. affair. Having, therefore, no fixed salary, she performed at the grand music meetings at Oxford and Cambridge, and at several of the chief towns in the United Kingdoms, till she was induced to become the Directress of the *Opera Comique*, at Paris ; a trust that she has fulfilled with science, with infinite credit to herself, and benefit to the concern. She has occasionally visited the Court of Vienna ; where her musical and vocal talents are held in very high estimation.

We cannot vouch for the late Emperor of France having much "music in his soul," but it is confidently asserted, that on his first hearing Madame Catalani sing at Paris, he was so

enchanted by the melody of her voice, that he sent her the next morning a present of two thousand Napoleons.

After an absence of seven years, she made her second appearance in England in July last, for the purpose of assisting in the vocal department at the Coronation. She gave a concert, on Monday, the 16th of July, at the Argyle-rooms, and was most enthusiastically greeted. Her voice is more beautiful, and even stronger, than when we last heard her. In singing Rode's violin variations, an indescribable effect was produced on the audience by this extraordinary exercise of the human voice, which displayed at once her amazing rapidity, strength, and sweetness; in fact, this must be pronounced the miracle of voice, and must be heard to be conceived. She looked remarkably well, and appeared highly gratified at seeing herself once again before a British audience.

Madame Catalani gave another concert on Monday the 30th of July, the profits of which were given in aid of the funds of the Westminster General Infirmary, which at once displays the benevolence of heart, and must remove the unfounded prejudice imbibed by many of her avarice, or that she will never exert her talents but for her own emolument.

She is at present at Bath. We understand it is her intention to make the tour of Great Britain, and to return to London next spring.

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## Variety.

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### BEING BAKED FOR PHILOSOPHY.

Heat and cold are but the alteration of experiment to true philosophers; one lives like a Saussure upon the Alps, the other creeps into an oven. We are not figurative, but historical. Mr. Wyttenbach, as Karamsin tells us, is uneasy, unless he is on the top of a mountain, and turns up his nose at a town. "I shall have time enough to visit cities, (says Mr. W.) when age prevents my climbing the Alps." Not so say some London philosophers, bent upon ascertaining what degree of heat a living human body can bear, and therefore plunge into an oven at once. With the most heroical intrepidity two philosophers endured the perspiration attendant upon a heat of 211 and 224 degrees. The history of these Shadrachs and Meshachs may be seen in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. 65, p. 111 to 123, and 463 to 469. These salamanders obligingly experimented for the benefit of mankind and science, and, we are happy to add, were not roasted alive; but, it is said, one looked ever after like an Etruscan vase, and the other like a half-boiled



lobster. The eggs and beef-steaks were completely cooked that were in the company of Doctor Blagden and his friend. But let us go more closely into the interesting investigation. Mr. King says, it is now well known that more intense heat may be endured by the human frame than the world in general were at all aware of. The extraordinary experiment, of enduring heat above that of boiling water, and that was sufficient to dress a steak of meat, is well known.—(*Philosophical Transact.* vol. 65, for 1775, p. 111.)—And the celebrated Du Hamel found two young girls, employed frequently to sweep out a large oven, capable of enduring, whilst they performed that operation, a degree of heat transcendentally above that of boiling water. In the former instance, the heat first ventured to be endured was 110 of Fahrenheit's thermometer, and then of 120; which was endured, without inconvenience, for twenty minutes.—(*Ibid.* p. 115.)—Afterwards a heat, at 198, was endured for ten minutes; and then, at 210, for three minutes: when the thermometer sunk to 196. But, at last, the heat was endured, at 211, for nearly seven minutes.—(*Ibid.* p. 117.)—In another set of experiments, subsequent to these, heat was endured at 202, for ten minutes;—and then, by a person of a delicate and irritable habit, at 224 (which is 12 degrees above boiling water) for ten minutes.—(*Ibid.* p. 464.)—And, finally, a degree of heat, at 260, was endured for eight minutes.—(*Ibid.* p. 485)—a degree of heat 48 degrees above boiling water. In all these experiments, clothes were observed to be a great protection from the effects of the heat; underneath which the body was kept moist and cool: and no inconvenience was felt from going directly out into the cold air.—(*Ibid.* p. 123, 494)—but watch-chains and metallic substances were heated intolerably.—(*Ibid.* p. 120, 463.)—In the instance of the girls attending and sweeping out the oven, they very well bore, according to M. Tillett's account, for ten minutes, a heat of 280; (*Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences for 1764*; see also observations of Du Hamel and Tillett, in the *Memoirs for 1761*;) and even more of Fahrenheit's scale; that is, 68 degrees, at least, above boiling water. But the above extract, which is from Mr. King's *Morsels of Criticism*, vol. 3, p. 262, is in itself still more surprising, where it is placed, because he gives it, to prove that "the impossibility of the miracle recorded by Daniel—is really done away!" So that instead of letting the miracle rest upon its true and unalterable grounds, as such, he goes to prove, that they might not, by the flame surrounding the edges, and escaping at top, have experienced a much greater degree of heat than the experimenters in the oven just mentioned.

The Turks have a liberal custom, of solemnly cursing the Christians in their mosques, on certain days of the year.

## GRAY THE POET.

The mother of Gray the poet, to whom he was entirely indebted for the excellent education he received, appears to have been a woman of most amiable character; and one whose energy supplied to her child that deficiency, which the improvidence of his other parent would have occasioned. The following extract from a case submitted by Mrs. Gray to her lawyer, develops the disposition and habits of her husband, in a light not the most favourable, while it awakens no common sympathy for herself.

“That she hath been no charge to the said Philip Gray; and during all the said time, hath not only found herself in all manner of apparel, but also for her children to the number of twelve, and most of the furniture of his house, and paying forty pounds a year for his shop; *almost providing every thing for her son whilst at Eton school, and now he is at Peter House Cambridge.*

“Notwithstanding which, almost ever since he hath been married, the said Philip hath used her in the most inhuman manner, by beating, kicking, punching, and with the vilest and most abusive language: that she hath been in the utmost fear of her life, and hath been obliged this last year, to quit his bed and lie with her sister. This she was resolved to bear if possible, not to leave her shop of trade, for the sake of her son, to be able to assist him in the maintenance of him at the University, since his father won't.”

To the love and courage of this mother, Gray owed his life when a child; she ventured to do what few women are capable of doing, to open a vein with her own hand, and thus removed the paroxysm arising from a fulness of blood, to which it is said all her other children had fallen victims. We need not wonder that Gray mentioned such a mother with a sigh.

When Dr. Edward Hans (afterwards Sir Edward) came to London, he set up a very splendid equipage, and tried similar other arts, common in the profession, to attract notice, and thus bring himself into practice. Amongst other stratagems was that of sending his own footman to stop gentlemen's carriages, and inquire if they belonged to Dr. Hans, making it appear as if the Doctor was wanted for a patient. One day the poor fellow in this employment, after having put the question at every carriage door from Whitehall to the Exchange, and hearing nothing of his master, went into Garraway's Coffee-house, where Dr. Radcliffe was sitting, and called out, “Lord S. wants Dr. Hans.” “No, no, friend,” replied Radcliffe, “you are mistaken, Dr. Hans wants Lord S.” It is said, however, that by such methods of imposition, Dr. Hans at length got into considerable practice.—In the year 1709, Dr. Radcliffe was called in



to attend a young lady of great beauty, wealth, and quality; and though he had now arrived at an age when a man's thoughts are turned upon other considerations than those of love, yet this lady was so attractive as to inspire him with the tenderest sentiments. When she was restored to health, he ventured to make his proposals to her, and that this might be done with more effect, he ordered a new carriage, and altered his liveries; but alas! however grateful the lady might be for the cure he had effected, she was unwilling to return the obligation by receiving him as a lover. This ridiculous overture became known to Steele while publishing his *Tatlers*, and it is the subject of No. 44, for July 21, 1709, and concludes July 28.

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### Science.

Compiled for the Saturday Magazine.

*Remedy for Drunkenness.*—The use of a dilute liquid, Ammonia, as an antispasmodic, has been long known. Dr. Girard, of Lyons, has applied it to the cure of fits of intoxication; which he considers as a nervous affection. Seven or eight drops of this alkali in half a glass of water, is enough to rouse a person from the most morbid condition. It operates not by a decomposition of the wine or alcohol, but by modifying the sensibility of the mucous membrane of the stomach, or acting upon the innumerable nerves which are distributed over it, and transmit to the brain the impressions they have received.

*Hydrophobia.*—In a report made to the faculty of medicine of Paris, on the virtue of *scutellaria laterifolia*, M. Merat observes, the New York physician, who eulogises this plant so highly, and who speaks of more than a thousand cures effected by it, does not distinguish, in any case, hydrophobia from madness; and seems to be ignorant that the first is only a symptom of the second, and may exist in other maladies. Hydrophobia is only a nervous malady, susceptible sometimes of cure, whilst confirmed madness is always incurable. Dr. Merat fears that the *scutellaria laterifolia* has had no more success against madness than *anasellis*, so much boasted of formerly, and *alisma plantago*, recently presented as a true remedy, and which, in reality, is like the others, destitute of properties in this frightful malady. To pronounce decisively, we must wait until the American physicians shall have pronounced decisively on this subject.

*Comparative tables of condemnations to afflictive and disgraceful punishment, pronounced by the Courts of Assize in Paris, during the years 1817, 1818, and 1819.*—The friends of hu-

manity will observe with satisfaction, that notwithstanding the pretended corruption of the age, the number of crimes is obviously diminishing.

	1817.	1818.	1819.
Condemned to hard labour,	511	393	398
For life, and to disgrace for a limited time,	2,645	1,992	1,421
Ditto, with disgrace, for the crime of falsehood or } vagabondage,	173	184	196
Total	3,329	2,569	2,015

We would remark, however, that this summary does not include condemnations to solitary confinement, exportation, and banishment.

*Organic Remains.*—Baron Cuvier is engaged in the publication of a new edition of his work on the fossil bones of quadrupeds. It will be greatly enlarged and perfected, and will extend to 5 vols. and include 200 plates. The price of subscription in Paris is 40 francs per volume. The first volume was to have appeared in May last, and the last volume is to be published in June next year. The subscription was to close immediately after the publication of the first volume; after which the price would be doubled.

*New Machines.*—M. Kahaiewski, a gentleman of Warsaw, in Poland, has invented a portable machine for cleaning grain from the ear; it breaks neither the grain nor the straw. A single man, by this machine, can do the work of some dozens of common labourers. The same able mechanic has contrived a sawing mill, to work by hand; and an astronomical watch, which indicates the difference of time in various parts of the globe. The emperor Alexander has sent to the inventor a magnificent snuff-box, and has furnished him with funds to carry on his useful labours.

*Monument to Copernicus.*—The colossal statue in bronze, which is to be erected to the great father of modern astronomy, will be placed before the magnificent edifice of the "*Society of the Friends of Science*," in Warsaw. This illustrious man will be represented sitting upon an antique seat, covered with an academic gown of rich drapery. In one hand he will hold a celestial globe, divided by its astronomic circles. The expenses of this monument is defrayed by voluntary subscriptions in Poland.

Twelve periodical journals are published at Warsaw, the population of which, including the military, does not exceed 210,000.



A correspondent in the *Calcutta Journal* for May, 1820, asserts that he has obtained the happiest effects from the voltaic pile, in cases of inveterate cholera morbus.

*Generous Legacy.*—The princess Anna Narischkin, who died lately in St. Petersburg, at an advanced age, left by her will the sum of 150,000 rubles, to various public schools, among which was the institution for the deaf and dumb.

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## Literature.

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### LITERARY NOTICES.

We are informed that Lord Byron has been writing a Burlesque on Southey's *Vision of Judgment*; if it be possible to write any thing more ludicrous than the original.

The same nobleman has got a new literary coadjutor in Mr. Leigh Hunt, whom he has invited to reside with him at Pisa: it is stated that the *Trio juncta in uno*, Byron, Shelley, and Hunt, are to write some sort of periodical work, and send it to console their native land for their own absence.

The Duke of Rutland's *Tour on the Continent* is printing: we understand it will appear in about a month.

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has announced a Tale in 3 vols.

Lieutenant Marshall is preparing for the press a Naval Biography, to consist of Genealogical, Biographical, and Historical Memoirs of all the Flag Officers, Captains, and Commanders of his Majesty's Fleet, living at the commencement of the year 1822.

Colonel Stuart has another work of a similar nature nearly ready; a history of the military raised in the Highlands of Scotland, which will embrace much curious information relative to the Clans and Clanship.

### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.

Any Book that may be advertised under this head, can be bought of E. Littell, No. 74, South Second Street, Philadelphia.

*Cain, A Mystery.* By Lord Byron. W. B. Gilley, New York. pp. 100, 18mo.

*The Spy, A Tale of the Neutral Ground.* By the Author of *Precaution*. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 536. Second edition. Wiley & Halstead, New-York.

*The North American Review.* No. 34, pp. —, 8vo.

*Memoirs of the Life of Anne Boleyn, Queen of Henry VIII.* By Miss Benger; Author of *Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton*. Philadelphia. pp. 401. Abraham Small.

## Poetry.

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### GOOD DAY AND GOOD NIGHT.

*Imitated from the French.*

In two words I will display  
All the employment of my life ;  
'Tis alternately to say,  
" Good night and good day."  
Good day to thee, my life,  
When thy beauties bless my sight—  
But to my frowsy wife—  
Good night !

Good day ! my neighbour kind,  
Good day ! and thanks enough,  
If your wine be to my mind,  
And the flavour good I find.  
Be the weather fine or rough,  
Good wine is my delight ;  
But give me sour stuff—  
Good night !

Good day ! when Vestris' smiles  
Speaks rapture to all hearts,  
And with her winning wiles  
My soul of care beguiles.  
But, when she departs,  
And Kean appears in sight,  
With his croaking and his starts—  
Good night !

Thus as happy as a king,  
Time seems to fly away.  
I'll come again and sing,  
When my fancy's on the wing.  
Then I'll wish you all—Good Day,  
And trust to give delight.  
If not—why I must say—  
Good night !

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### THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

Oh ! where are the eyes that once beamed upon me ?  
And where are the friends I rejoiced once to see ?  
And where are the hearts that held amity's glow ?  
They are gone to the land which no mortal may know !  
When shadows of midnight descend o'er the plain,  
How drear is the path of the way-faring swain ;  
Yet drearer and darker the road I must go,  
Ere I rest in that land which no mortal may know !  
Yet pilgrims who roam through the glooming of night,  
Still hail the bright beams of the dawn-coming light ;  
And tho' the approach of the morning be slow,  
Its hope-kindled ray seems to lessen their wo :  
And thus when the tear-drop of sorrow I shed,  
And bend me above the cold tomb of the dead,  
A ray of the future diffuses its glow,  
As I look to the land which no mortal may know.

JOHN ALLEN WALKER.